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CIVIL-SERVICE MATRIMONY.



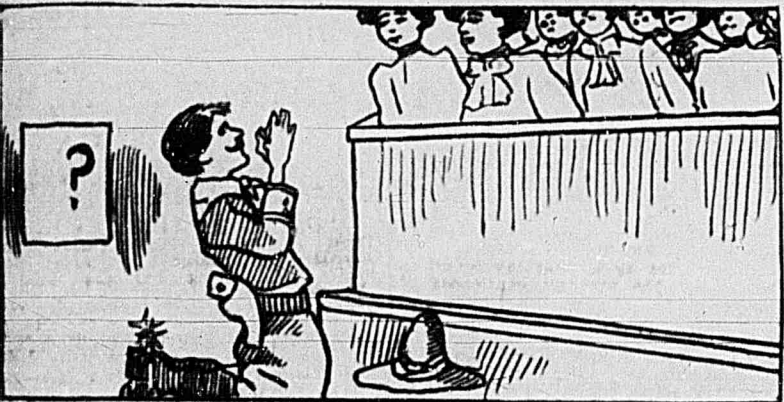
WELVE Dakota girls adopted a little girl orphan in partnership. They agreed to take turns looking after her and to educate her. A Nebraska ranchman, seeing this item in a newspaper, wrote to the syndicate of twelve offering to marry any one of them and to adopt the girl orphan also.

This was a practical and somewhat trustful way of going about getting married. The ranchman lives in a part of the State where there are no unmarried girls, and he could not spare the time from his cattle to go courting in a town where bachelor maids abounded. He assumed that the members of the syndicate must like children or they would not have adopted an orphan. He also assumed that they would prefer to have children of their own. His proposal showed at least a trusting disposition and sincere faith in woman-kind.

The twelve Dakota girls on receipt of the proposal held a meeting and adopted a formal reply. They agreed that the eldest should have the first chance. They further drew up the following terms and conditions on which the cattleman would be accepted:

1. That he should provide a comfortable home.
2. That he should furnish his wife with every need and comfort.
3. That he should neither smoke nor chew tobacco.
4. That he should drink no intoxicating liquors.
5. That he should use no profane or coarse language.
6. That he should spend his evenings at home.
7. That he should not play pool or billiards.
8. That he should not flirt with any woman.
9. That he must attend church every Sunday.

This filled the list of commandments, except the tenth, which was left open for the prospective bride to lay down after further acquaintance.



The ranchman has taken the conditions in frank good faith and is trying to decide whether he has sufficient will power to abstain from tobacco, whiskey and profanity. The prohibition of playing pool does not bother him, since there is not a billiard table within miles of his ranch. Neither is there any woman to flirt with. As regards attending church, that will be somewhat difficult, since he would have to start at daybreak, but he believes he can stand a twenty-mile drive every Sunday if his wife can.

This plan of a sort of civil-service examination preliminary to matrimony has many commendable features, but its working out in the present case is too one-sided.

Instead of the eldest girl having the first chance there should be a competitive examination between the twelve Dakota girls to ascertain what one will make the best wife.

What one is the best tempered?

What one can bake the best bread and produce the most delicious pie?

What one can run a house most economically and efficiently?

Every competitor should be called upon to make a reciprocal pledge:

1. Not to nag.
2. Always to be neat and tidy.
3. To take her just share of her husband's income and to be content with it.
4. To make him comfortable.
5. To refrain from complaints and to keep her domestic troubles to herself.
6. To let her husband choose his own clothes and neckties.
7. To be more attractive to her husband than to any one else.
8. To take care of her health.
9. To bring up her children herself.

It is to be hoped that the ranchman and the head of the syndicate will marry and make frank and honest annual reports of how they get along.

Letters from the People.

The Cat Nuisance.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Cats make nights hideous by their howling and keep people awake. Why not license cats as dogs are licensed, say at \$2 a year, destroy all that are not licensed, and impose a fine on owners who let their cats stray abroad at night.
KHO

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can you send a letter to America from Germany with an American stamp on it?
SIMEON HOWELL CLARKE.

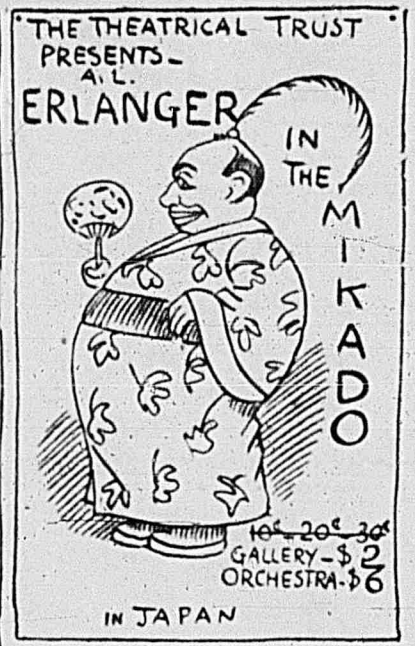
Playing Ball on the Beach.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there any law to stop men from playing ball all day Sunday on the beach in their bathing suits. It isn't safe for women or children down near the water when they are playing, as they use a stick for a bat. I am in the habit of going down to the beach with my little girl every Sunday, and two or

three times during the week. I have been struck more than once, and my little girl also. If you speak to them they tell you it is a soft ball, but when it strikes one with great force.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
OW P.

Little Jack's Ice Cream Prayer.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Jack, not yet four, had been forbidden to cross the street alone. However, the ice cream sandwich man proved too attractive and over he went. His mother, hearing about it, talked him with it, and after a while he admitted doing so. She then gave him a lecture on the subject of disobeying mother and said he would have to ask God when he said his prayers that night to forgive him for disobeying her. Judge of her surprise when Master Jack said, "Pleaze, God, send the ice cream man up our side of the street so I won't have to cross over." Mrs. J. S. GRIPPIN.
No. 24 West One Hundred and Sixty street.

All the World His Stage?

By Maurice Ketten.



New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb



THE glad season for water sports. Down on the street Mr. Harriman squirts the lithia into a new issue of common stock. Through a gap in his front teeth the tumble Chink laundryman sprays the bosom of the suited man. In the news, sport, rumormongers leak lies in a large quantity of Long Island Sound on the calico worker, who is greatly annoyed, having made all his arrangements to die of the bends instead of by drowning. The humidity bats above 300 and perspiration remains the original one best bet at all indoor gatherings.

But up on the hard-worked Hudson of a sunny afternoon is where the true lover of water sports really has his eye in the hole and a pair showing. The Premium Division of the aquatic bunch is the infuriated youth who labors under the delusion that when he puts on his little low-neck and short-sleeved costume and strikes a plastic pose, with a cedar paddle the size of a desert spoon clutched in his shawny hand, the rest of the landscape becomes merely a sort of shadowy background for the main number on the programme, he being same. Early in the summer we find him shedding his parched skin like a year-old garter snake in his efforts to acquire a shade of tan that will match the bottom of his canoe. When his complexion has ceased to moulit and begins to look something like a cross between golden oak and eggs again he feels that the time is ripe to lure some trusting young girl, wearing her best Sunday ruffian, into his trusty canoe and go out in the middle of the river where the water is good and deep and the swells from the excursion boats are fine and high and give in assembled populace alongshore a real treat. So far as he is personally concerned

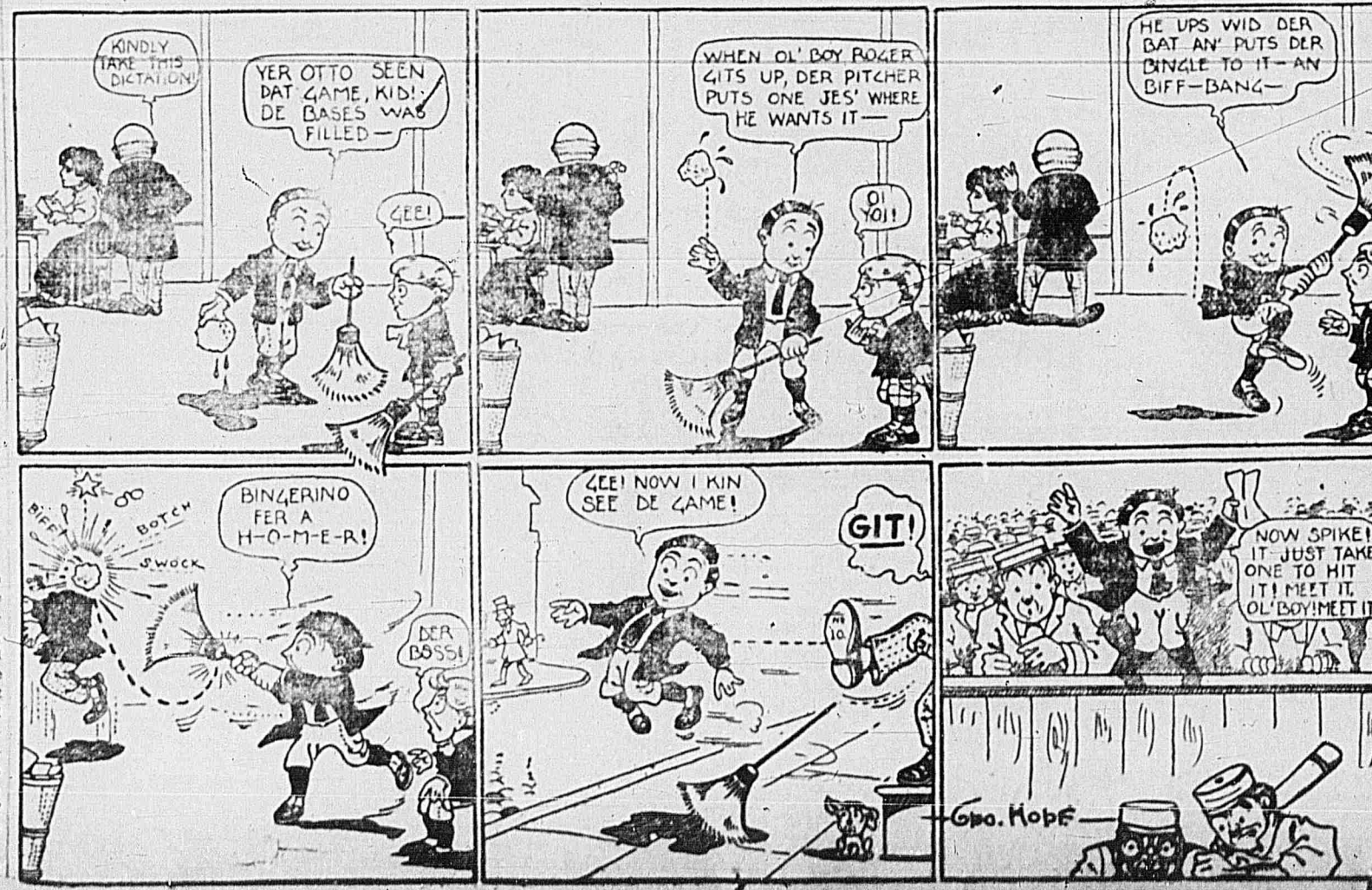
he'd be willing to sacrifice his own comfort and drift slowly back and forth for hours and hours, so that nobody might be slighted or fail to enjoy the picture. But nearly always his female companion is one whose experience with water craft has been confined to china soap dishes and New Jersey ferry boats. And Ellie shifts her chewing gum from port to starboard, or tries to fix her hair or breathes heavily, or does one of the many things that you can't do in an excitable canoe unless you are fond of diving, and shortly thereafter there is a sound as of a double splash and the languid life saver comes from the bank with his grapping iron.

Next in importance is the bend in human form who entices you into a sailboat when a squall is coming up, and then goes out and drifts with futurity while you cling to a seat plank with all your insides up in your throat where you can taste them. And next to him is the intellectual giant who takes his wife and six children out in a power launch that he doesn't know how to steer, and tries to run down one of the boats of the Albany Day line with indifferent success. And next after that is the owner of a brilliant mind who decorates a sloop with strings of red and blue and green and purple flags until her rigging looks like the clothes line of a prosperous family in Little Italy, and then loads her up with his trusting victims and goes forth and sails ashore on a sand bar about 2 o'clock of a bright clear July afternoon, and then seeks to cheer his helpless prey with the information that it will be high tide in about nine hours, unless the almanac has deceived him.

And, of course, there are any number of the charter members of the Ancient Society of Boat Rockers engaged in their customary sports and pastimes under the auspices of the Underwriters' Aid Association.

Reddy the Roote:

By George Hopf



GERTRUDE BARNUM Talks to Girls



Is Revenge Sweet?
YOU remember the story of the street urchin who was found furiously beating a dead dog. "Don't you see that dog is dead?" he was asked. With bitter passion the small boy replied, accounting each word with a fierce blow: "I want to teach the durned thing there is punishment after death." That street arab cuts a pitiful figure in our memory, with the hot blood rising in his face, fierce pain of anger burning his bloodshot eyes, futile hatred torturing his rithing soul, as he exhales his scant strength in rage. One always wonders by what persistent devilleries that miserable cur had roused the evil passion in the small boy's breast. Whatever may have whetted the appetite for revenge, there was no sweetness in the gratification. Doubtless most of us have at times a hearty thirst for revenge. Our Christian charity is apt to be overlaid in certain exigencies, and the Tartar under our thin skins of civilization shrieks for retaliation. I know a girl, however, who has the wise philosophy that vice, like virtue, is its own reward—who trusts fate "to make the punishment fit the crime," and saves herself the pains. This girl Margaret had a very bitter experience with a club she organized. The club elected Margaret President, so that she would take the responsibility for meetings, balls, etc., and settle any financial deficits out of her own pocket. Almost every girl, though, modestly said that she herself would have made a better President. Nothing Margaret did or left undone escaped criticism. She blundered at times, of course, only those who do nothing escape making mistakes. Sometimes she lost her temper and made enemies, and these enemies went about like snakes in the grass undermining her influence and scattering seeds of scandal. All oblivious, however, Margaret rocked the cradle of that club faithfully. She nursed it through fevers and agues. She bore the shame and the blame of its early misdeeds. At last it grew big and strong and prosperous. Then her enemies publicly "preferred charges" against her, removed her from office and elected as President another girl, who in her speech of acceptance said she would show them how a club should be run. On this occasion the fire flew to Margaret's Irish eyes and blazed there for a time. Then suddenly it broke up in a twinkling as she turned to me and said: "Let them try to run the club. They'll get all that's coming to them." They did, and cried for help. The next term Margaret was re-elected President and saved the pieces of the club. Punishment for mistakes and wrongdoing. Poor struggling human beings from the cradle to the grave, they all make suffering enough for themselves. What possible heart's ease can it bring us to pursue them with extra blows? Rather shall we find comfort in forgiveness. Even the agony of the Cross must have been soothed by the deep wave of mercy that made Christ pray: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Deep in every girl's heart is a well of love and charity, which she must guard from the pollution of malice. Let her remember that mercy is sweet, revenge is bitterness. And if she feels that her enemies are a not doing, let's come to them in this life, she might reasonably leave to the Fates their punishment after death.

What Great Thinkers Are Talking About

No. 8.—Bernard Shaw on the Value of Money.
THE universal regard for money is the one hopeful fact in our civilization, the one sound spot in our social conscience. "Money represents health, strength, honor, generosity and beauty as conspicuously and undeniably as the want of it represents illness, weakness, disgrace, meanness and ugliness. Not the least of its virtues is that it destroys base people as certainly as it fortifies and dignifies noble people. It is only when it is cheapened to worthlessness for some and made impossibly dear to others that it becomes a curse. The crying need of the nation is not for better morals, cheaper bread, temperance, liberty, culture, redemption of fallen sisters and erring brothers, nor the grace, love, and fellowship of the Trinity, but simply for enough money. And the evil to be attacked is not sin, suffering, greed, priestcraft, kingcraft, demagoguery, monopoly, ignorance, drink, war, pestilence, nor any other of the scapegoats which reformers stride, but simply poverty. The greatest of evils and the worst of crimes is poverty, and our first duty is a duty to which every other consideration should be sacrificed—is not to be poor. "The thoughtless wickedness with which we scatter sentences of imprudent moral invalids and energetic rebels (commonly known as criminals), is as nothing compared with the stupid levity with which we tolerate poverty. What is our practice in the matter? If a man is indigent, let him be poor. If he is drunken, let him be poor. If he is not a gentleman, let him be poor. If he is addicted to the fine arts or to pure science, let him be poor. If he chooses to spend his urban eighteen shillings a week or his agricultural thirteen shillings a week on his beer or his family instead of saving up for his old age, let him be poor. Serve him right. Very well—but what does it all do, all that poor mean? Ironically asks Bernard Shaw, in his preface to "Major Barbara." "It means let him be weak. Let him be ignorant. Let him become a nucleus of disease. Let him be a standing exhibition and example of ugliness and dirt. Let him have rickety children. Let him be cheap and let him turn his fellows down to his level by selling himself to do their work. Let his habits turn our cities into poisonous congenies of slums. Let his sons revenge him by turning the nation's manhood into acid, cowardice, stupidity, hypocrisy, political imbecility, and all the other fruits of oppression and malnutrition. This being so, it is really wise to let him be poor. Would he not do us times less harm as a prosperous burglar, incendiary or murderer, to the sum of limits of humanity's comparatively negligible impulses in these directions? Suppose we abolish all penalties for such activities and decide that poverty is the one thing we will not tolerate—that every adult with less than, say, \$125 a year shall be painlessly but inexorably killed, and every hungry, half-naked child forcibly fattened and clothed, would not that be an enormous improvement on the existing system, which has already destroyed so many civilizations and is visibly destroying our own?"

The Story of The Streets of New York.

By J. Alexander Patten, An Old New Yorker.

No. 11.—Two Denizens of Gramercy Square.

Two eminent men came from the same row of stone houses in Gramercy Park. One was Samuel J. Tilden, once candidate for President of the United States, and the other was James W. Gerard, great lawyer, society man and friend of the public schools. "The hour of the day most impressive to me," once said Mr. Gerard, "is 9 o'clock in the morning, when the school children of this great city assemble to begin their studies for the day." When he was buried his coffin and filled the church with flowers. At the time it was proposed to put the police in uniform they were displeased and said they would not wear a "livery." Mr. Gerard borrowed one of the suits of the Chief of Police and appeared in it at a fancy dress ball on Fifth avenue. This clever act silenced all complaint. The men accepted the uniform, as it had been admired at an aristocratic ball, and they have worn a uniform from that day to the present time. Mr. Gerard went along with a quick step, and was fond of taking the arm of some friend going the same way, when he would chat with great animation. He was always very polite with a jury and obtained their instant regard. He would be most polite and deferential with the dullest man, handing papers and eagerly accepting any question, until he often won his case through pure politeness. A banquet was given him when he retired from an illustrious career at the bar. He had the greatest first case was about a canary bird, and it had taught him to do his conscientious duty in small and great suits. A stranger looking at Samuel J. Tilden going along with his hands in his overcoat pockets and a soft or a high hat on his head, with a thin and aged-looking face, never would have regarded him as the intellectual and moral giant that he was. In his young manhood he originated principles of law. At the bar he was so profound that the greatest cases were confided to him. As a Governor of New York State he carried out colossal reforms, and he delved into the affairs of the "Tweed" ring, until he found out exactly the division of the plunder among them. Yet his heirs broke him apart, drawn by himself. The Tilden Foundation of the Public Library represents his benefaction by consent of the heirs. In the rear of his house was a great window looking out upon a yard and lawn, extending to the next street, and there he used to sit in reflection that left its mark on the affairs of his times.

This Fire Is 1,200 Years Old.
INDIA'S sacred fire has not all been extinguished. The most ancient which still exists was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsies when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every two hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel.